

## **howlin' by emraye**

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**Summary:**

Silver moonlight paints the brown wooden walls of the cabin from where streams of it is coming in from the clear glass window.

## **howlin'**

### **Author's Note:**

There is a shortage of Stanlon fics so I added my own to the mix. Enjoy!

(William, if you're reading: this is for you.)

Silver moonlight paints the brown wooden walls of the cabin from where streams of it is coming in from the clear glass window. It stops at the edge of the fireplace where a roaring flame is going, warding off any cold signs of the winter. The crackling is only thing to be heard in the small space besides the cutting noises in the small kitchen.

Stan is cutting some meat on the counter before sprinkling some seasonings on the sliced pieces of what seems to be lambs leg. He isn't quite sure. It was left on the porch this morning with a note that was clearly written by Beverly.

*Full moon is coming soon. Be safe, and try to make this last.*

He wipes his sweaty forehead and scoffs to himself. *Be safe.* Stan would be safe if he was still in the confines of the coven house and not in the middle of the woods that is known to home some of the most vicious creatures.

It's been what? Two weeks since he's been exiled to the woods? Something like that. he stopped keeping track after the third day because time seemed to blend together after that. The forest around him is fucking with him.

Stan wouldn't be so pissed about his punishment if he'd actually done something to be punished. Hexing someone or ignoring his duties would be plausible to him, it's a direct act of defiance against the coven. He's seen people be exiled because of things like that all the time.

But, being exiled for *suspicious behavior?* That's bullshit.

At least Beverly tried to vouch his way out of punishment. No, Stan, in fact, wasn't with Beverly learning how to grind herbs or configure tarot cards. But, he played along until the very end before he was stripped of all his aura and sent to the woods to prove his loyalty to the coven.

Stan doesn't understand how surviving the winter along is supposed to show the Supreme that he's loyal, but whatever. Greta's a bitch leader, anyway.

He drops the cut up meat in the pan on the stove before wiping his hands on the dish towel. He's sweating despite the cold just outside the cabin, and if he would just swallow his paranoia and strip naked, he would be better off. Stan isn't going to do that because he doesn't know what kind of creatures are lurking around this time of night.

So, he remains in his wool pants and thin shirt.

He wraps up whatever is left of the lambs leg and shoves it in the small fridge. It'll be good for at least a week. He can probably make a few more meals with it.

Just as he goes to turn stir the meat, there's a bell ring outside. His alarm wire.

He stands frozen on his feet as he strains to hear over the crackle of the fire and the sizzling meat. Snow is crunching on the ground. Something is pacing around, sniffing.

A low growl.

A snarl.

*Werewolf.*

Then, a whine.

Stan frowns. He feels himself breathing again, but his feet refuse to leave their spot on the floor. There's another whine, this time louder and sharper, before he moves toward the door.

He's careful when opening the door because these sons of bitches like

to come in packs. He doesn't want to get ambushed by a bunch of over grown huskies.

Pulls the door lightly, opening it slowly and looking desperately for any threat when his eyes fall on a lump in the snow. It's twitching and whining, it's legs moving feebly, and there's blood on it's chocolate fur.

Stan gasps when the creatures honey brown eyes lock on his because it's–

*"Mike?"*

The werewolf whines again and yelps. Blood is pouring out on his fur from his chest. Eyes are blown wide in what can only be fear.

Stan doesn't hesitate to run out into the wide open, half dressed in the middle of winter to slide on his knees on the snow. He puts one hand on the werewolf's head to calm him down before gently touching the wound. The creature flinches and makes a noise that sounds almost human.

"Mike," he says breathlessly while stroking his head, "what happened?"

He doesn't get a response from him. Mike just lays there in the snow, breathing heavy through his snout while trembling under Stan's hands. God, he's burning up despite the cold.

As gently as he can, Stan gets Mike on all four of his feet and guides him into the house. He whines the whole way and shakes with effort of holding himself up. He's big when he's in wolf form, bigger than most of his kind.

Mike collapses to the wood floor behind the couch as soon as Stan shuts the door. The bleeding is still going strong and it worries Stan to no end. How does a big wolf like him get hurt?

He acts fast. Gets a huge blanket from one of the bedroom and lays it over him. He turns off the stove before he checks the bathroom for some sort of first aid kit while listening to the wolf in his cabin struggle to breathe.

Stan hears a blood curdling howl and the wolf is a human on his floor when he returns.

The blanket keeps Mike decent but the wound on his chest is no different than that on his wolf form. It's right across his left pec and there's some crusted blood. Whatever happened to him, he's traveled a long while like this.

There's a few scratches on his face and his eyes are dark like he's tired and scared. Stan's never seen him like this.

Mike is still trembling as Stan sits down beside him. Opens the first aid kit and pulls out what he needs. Gently touches Mike's not abused cheek to get his attention and Mike's hand shoots up to grab Stan's wrist.

"Mike," he says lowly. "You're safe."

It takes a few moments, but the darker man finally lets go, sighs shakily and closes his eyes. "I'm sorry."

Stan doesn't ask what for. He knows why.

He shouldn't have come to Stan. This is why they're both in trouble. Werewolf's and witches aren't meant to mix.

Mike is reason for the covens suspicions of Stan.

A few fellow witches noticed a strange dark werewolf stalking around their land. Stranger than that was the way it acted around Stan. Never pounced or attacked. Just sat and watched him.

He a fool to return the seemingly mutual peace. He used to throw Mike spare meat and let him sleep in the stables when it was too dangerous to return to the woods. He was even allowed to pet him like a puppy because he liked the touch and never nipped at him.

Now, though, Stan has a strong feeling that Mike's own exile has finally come for him.

Stan shakes the thoughts away and cleans the gash on Mike's chest. He flinches every so often but doesn't stop him at any point. Let's

Stan clean him.

He can see that it's deeper than a flesh wound, so Stan stands to rummage through some jars on top of the shelves in the kitchen. He plucks one up and opens it. The substance inside is paste like and smooth.

He applies a small amount and Mike hisses.

"What the fuck is that?"

"Muscle regrowth," Stan replies. "Whatever happened to you, it tore you up bad."

The wolf-man goes quiet again after that. He watches Stan's face as he works to spread the odd concoction on him. Sits up when he asks him to do Stan can wrap some gauze around his chest.

Stan doesn't ever remember seeing him hurt like this. Sure, he's had a few scratches on him and the occasional stitch is needed. But, it's like another of his kind got a hold on him. Wolf on wolf violence isn't uncommon, but this vicious degree of damage isn't usually accepted.

Or, at least, that's what he's been taught by Mike. He only knows so much about werewolf culture because Mike keeps most of his explanations vague. Treats Stan like a child at times.

Maybe that's fair because he can be very vague with Mike, as well. He doesn't hold any type of aura like a witch or warlock does, but Stan is fairly sure he could be a good apprentice one day. Mike knows the spells and potions and rituals, just lacks the power for them.

Stan carefully helps him to his feet and walks him toward the couch. He keeps the blanket wrapped about his waist as she sits him down. Mike huffs a groan and leans back against the couch, let's his arms fall to his lap and his eyes slide shut again.

It breaks Stan's heart to see him so tired and broken. His muscles and hard features can't hide the lost puppy inside of him. His stress and fear is practically rolling off him in clouds of pheromones.

Stan swallows the lump in his throat and says, “You need to eat something to get your strength back.”

His eye peak open enough for Stan to see the sad honey rings. “No solids. I can’t stomach them.”

He doesn’t ask why. He can figure by his concave stomach and lack of liveliness in his face, especially in the firelight. There’s no telling how long he’s been without food.

Traveling from the northern part of the woods to the out skirts of Derry takes at least a week with time in between for rest and food. Usually, the winds would change before his arrival and Stan would have time to prepare a place for him should he stay. Not this time.

This wasn’t even planned. He didn’t know Mike was going to show up at his exile cabin at all, let alone bloody and starved. He’s never done this before.

He needs to eat to get his strength back, but he can’t eat solid foods. Stan is sure that he’s got a jar of broth somewhere in the small kitchen. That’ll help ease Mike’s stomach.

Stan moves to the kitchen and pulls a certain jar out of the lower cabinets before reaching for a pot. He moves his forgotten pan of meat to the side, gets the pot on the stove and pours the contents. Turns the stove on and hunts for a bowl.

He finds one and once the broth is bubbling, Stan pours it into the bowl and makes sure the burner is off before taking it to Mike. The wolf-man takes the bowl with no encouragement and instantly starts to drink down the hot broth. Stan is pulling a stool to sit on when he realizes the broth is gone in a matter of seconds.

Stan doesn’t judge him, though. Mike is obviously starved, and if he asked, Stan is very sure he would tear the cabin apart to find more broth.

Mike lowers the bowl and looks sheepish as he tells Stan, “I probably should’ve made that last.”

The shorter man manages a small smile in return. “No, it’s okay. You

need to eat.”

That leaves a tense feeling in the air, because they both know there’s something being left unsaid. Stan isn’t going to force Mike to spill his guts, but he would like to know why the wolf-man was on deaths door steps only moments ago. Especially given that he’s literally never seen Mike that torn up before.

Mike sets the bowl aside on the couch and pulls the blanket up around himself more. Stan probably has some extra clothes he can squeeze into. But, before he goes looking, he’s going to find out what caused the horrible gash across Mike’s chest.

“Do you want to talk about it?,” Stan asks quietly, giving room for argument even though he isn’t going to give it up.

“No.”

Mike sounds defensive, and that only makes Stan’s curiosity grow. He sits up a little straighter and tries to make himself look smaller than he already is so Mike won’t feel any type of threat in case he takes Stan’s pushing the wrong way.

“I need to know so I can be sure that we’re going to be safe here,” Stan tries while keeping his tone soft but firm.

Still, Mike is quiet and refusing to look at Stan. He keeps his brown eyes on the floor and he’s unmoving. Whatever it is, it’s bad, and it’s getting under the wolf-mans skin. Pestering and bothering him to no end.

Stan sighs and looks at Mike hard for a moment while he thinks. Then, he leans forward and offers his right hand.

“If you won’t tell me,” the witch says while hovering his hand just mere inches away from Mike’s face, “will you show me?”

Stan’s only been able to reach into someone’s mind a few times, and it might not even work now without his aura. He’s going to have to rely heavily on the energy around him.

Mike pauses for a moment, and then locks eyes with Stan. He trusts

Stan, always has and probably always will. So, he nods and leans forward to meet his hand.

The witches fingertips just barely touch the wolf-man's forehead and then—

*Stan's in the woods. Not the one surrounding his cabin. These trees are different and have bloody paw prints on them. Claw scratches. Obvious danger.*

*There's movement off to his right where there's a clearing, and as careful and quietly as his feet can take her, he wanders over. He sees a group of werewolves circling one of their own.*

*Dark brown fur. Mike.*

*He's snarling and growling at every wolf that comes close to him, but he can't watch what's behind him. He's turning as quickly as he can to defend himself, but his momentum isn't going to last long. There's at least twelve wolves threatening to gang up on him, and even if Mike is a lot bigger than most of his kind, he can't take on that many at once.*

*Stan averts his eyes when he notices someone, a human, standing on a high rising rock. The hollow eyes and dangerous stance makes his stomach roll. Bowers.*

*"You're responsible for the death of one of our own," Bowers says, his voice way too calm for someone who is sentencing their own kind to death. "Because of this, you will be challenged to defeat every wolf before you in exchange for your life."*

*The pack of wolves get rowdy and begin to snap and snarl at Mike. Still, though, he shows no sign of backing down.*

*"Live and walk. Die and fall. It's your choice," is the last thing Bowers says before the group of wolves attack.*

*Mike is ambushed immediately. There's a wolf on every leg of his and one biting into his spine, trying to cripple him. Another is going straight for his throat.*

*He begins to struggle only moments after the initial attack, and Stan looks*

*back up to see Bowers watching the assault with a mutual expression. He wouldn't step in even if he wanted to. He doesn't care if Mike is ripped apart in front of him.*

*A wail makes Stan look back down, and to his horror, he watches Mike's wolf form fall as one of his pack members bites down hard on his chest. His howl are agonizing to Stan's ears.*

*He steps back from the scene and feels tears spring to his eyes as he backs into the cover of the woods. He sobs once he's out of sight because he can't take it anymore. He doesn't want to see Mike in any form of hurt or vulnerability.*

*Stan can still hear the attack.*

*A gnashing of teeth and wolf howls are echoing. Rustling of leaves and growls and snarls. Violence hangs in the air and pain is so loud it makes Stan wince.*

*He turns to run, but his feet are twisted, so he instead falls onto a rock before everything goes black.*

Stan gasps and he's brought back to reality. He rips his hand off of Mike's forehead and looks down at him.

Mike is still sitting with arms docile at his side. He's just looking at Stan with wet eyes and sad expression on his face. Hurt and broken in ways Stan can't fix.

"I was supposed to be hunting with Hockstetter," he says finally, voice thick and strained. "But, I left him by himself because I wanted to see you. Hunters got him."

For a moment, the only noise there is the crackle of the fire and the sound of Mike's heart beating loud and fast. He looks so sad and guilty, like he's one step away from just breaking down.

Then, Stan strokes the side of his face and tells him, "You didn't kill him, Mike."

Mike nods and squeezes his eyes shut. Fighting off the tears that are still in his eyes.

"I know I didn't," he replies. "But, the guilt is still mine. I don't have a pack now because of it."

Stan doesn't say anything to that because what can he say? He has nothing to offer him besides the comfort from his hands. If he's welcomed back to his coven house, Mike'll be left alone with nowhere to go and no one to turn to.

He'll die out here if he's left alone. Werewolves don't thrive off their strength and power like most people think. They thrive off having a pack family and being safe.

It hurts Stan's heart to know that if he leaves and is accepted back into his coven house, Mike will inevitably die.

"I could talk to the Supreme," Stan says slowly, like he's trying to convince himself. "We could use a guard dog."

Mike shakes his head at that. "I can't ask you do that. I'm the reason you're out here in the first place."

"I'm out here because Greta doesn't approve of my choices," Stan corrects him. "I'm out here because most of my coven still abides by traditional witch values."

Still, Mike isn't convinced, and he just sighs and shakes his head. He looks so defeated, like his battle is over and he's lost it. Hopeless and unable to accept any type of help from anyone.

Stan leans forward so he can cup Mike's face and force him to look up, and then pleads, "Let me at least try."

Mike looks like he's about to turn the idea down again, but then he lowers his eyes and nods. Stan sighs and presses a kiss to Mike's forehead, and then his lips. Causes the wolf-man to melt into the couch.

Being careful about Mike's chest, Stan moves the bowl so he can lay down on the couch and brings Mike with him. The darker man goes without a fight and lays his head on the witches chest, slinging his long arm around Stan's waist to keep him close. They huddle together for warmth, making sure to keep the blanket secure around Mike's

body.

It's dark out, and the fire in the fireplace is crackling quietly. Mike is considerably more relaxed than he was when he first arrived, so Stan doesn't mind if they fall asleep on the small couch.

Maybe Stan will get accepted back into his coven, and maybe the Supreme will let Mike stay as their guard dog. Maybe everything will be okay.

Maybe

**Author's Note:**

So, how was it?

Leave a comment down below and don't forget to drop some kudos! I thrive off comments and feedback!